10c. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II **AUGUST, 1907** **No. 6**

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The confidence of the people in governmental justice is not very strong in these United States. The whole country, from Maine to California, is evidencing its surprise at the acquittal of William Haywood on the charge of killing Governor Steunenberg.

This general surprise can be explained only by the fact that the people at large are convinced that the will of the money powers is the highest law of the land, and that truth and right are the mere handmaids of that will. That is the sentiment of a great portion of the people—a sentiment perfectly justified and not very far from the Anarchistic conception of the State and its mission.

The acquittal of Haywood is by no means a rehabilitation of governmental justice; it can only be explained in the following manner:

The conduct of the trial by the prosecution was a dismal failure from the beginning. The methods employed to manufacture evidence were worthy of the worst possible police and juristic ruffianism—the Pinkertons, the Borahs and Hawleys did not seem to credit the jury with much common sense; they evidently thought that the most barefaced inventions were good enough testimony for a jury of farmers. The State and the Pinkertons had the audacity of employing as their chief witness a man—Orchard—whose total depravity was apparent to everyone familiar with the circumstances of the case. The

prosecution built its hopes of victory upon that very depravity. The impossible was expected from the jury.

The progress of the trial served to make this one thing clear: the Western miners and their organization knew exactly where they stood and what they wanted. For years they had battled aginst the conspiracy of law and capital; they had fought as men conscious of their purposes and aims, even to the extent of realizing that explosives had not been invented for the special benefit of arrogant mine owners. They fully understood that they could not rely upon the law and the machinery of politics —these were the tools of exploiters employed to stifle the rights of labor as, for instance, in the case of the eight-hour law. The oppressed workers could not find relief anywhere, whether in the Capitols of Colorado and Idaho, nor at Washington.

The Western miners soon realized that they enjoyed such rights only as their own power could guarantee them. They learned the value of solidarity and direct action; their battles were the school that cured them of their respect for law and government.

Those who have carefully followed the trial could not but realize that they beheld the vigorous birth of a new world—a world with a healthy new social philosophy, freed from the fetters of plutocratic traditions. Whether considered right or wrong, lawful or lawless—the proletariat stood there, in the full consciousness of its strength and purpose, determined to assert its right of existence and to defend it, if need be, by force of arms.

Neither friend nor foe could fail to appreciate the situation. The acquittal of Haywood was probably the result of the mixed feeling of respect and fear: it was not deemed advisable to drive those determined men to desperation by the conviction of their innocent fellow-workman.

The Idaho trial teaches the American proletariat a powerful lesson; namely, that it must depend only on its own initiative and strength, rather than on the State and its representatives.

* * *

Learning of the result of the Idaho trial, we wired the following messages:

"Miners' Magazine, Denver, Colo.

"A happy augury of Labor's coming greater and final victory."

"President Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

"Undesirable citizens victorious. Rejoice.

"EMMA GOLDMAN,
"ALEXANDER BERKMAN,
"HIPPOLYTE HAVEL."

* * *

Learning of Haywood's acquittal, the sovereign people breathed a sigh of relief: "The hangmen of the Republic were about to commit another crime in my name."

The Heavenly Father: "Wasn't that lucky! I was afraid I couldn't shake that fellow Orchard—would have had to reserve a special seat for him on my right."

Hearst Yellows: "And now, fellow-citizens of this glorious Republic, you surely realize who has achieved this great victory: it was Brisbane with his powerful editorials. Hearst took a determined stand for Haywood —after the verdict was announced."

The New York Times: "What is the use of trial by jury when labor organizations are not branded as criminal and its leaders sent to the gallows."

Conference of mine owners: "Trusts are a good thing, generally speaking; but they are not practicable in the detective business. Pinkerton has sold us a gold brick. There should be more competition in this trade."

Pinkerton Headquarters: "Here, McParland, take your wage and this dozen Bibles. Go down to the South Sea Islands and convert those heathens to Christianity. But if you don't succeed in this mission any better than with the conversion of Orchard, you need not call again."

The Social Democrats: "A wonderful opportunity to boom Haywood for our next President. Fine chance to make ourselves—ridiculous."

The President: "An idiotic jury! The guilt or innocence of an undesirable citizen should be left to me to decide."

* * *

The electrocution business at Sing Sing, the New York State prison, is prospering. "They that use the sword shall perish by the sword."

What a lie! The murderers of Cuban and Philippine

fame are not in Sing Sing awaiting electrocution. They are highly respected patriots, filling important positions in the government.

* * *

A great detective show is scheduled to take place at Buffalo on the first of September—the unveiling of a McKinley statue.

The high officials of the State and Nation which will congregate there will hardly feel at ease with the spirit of Czolgosz hovering over them.

Such monuments are a barbaric reminiscence of the past, the shame of the present and—the ruins of the future.

* * *

In olden times there was a forest in which dwelled numerous wolves. They were continually invading the neighboring fields and carrying off the stock. Finally the sheep and cattle became exasperated and threatened the wolves with bodily harm, and also to cite them before the court of the lions.

The wolves, realizing their danger, decided to sacrifice one of their fellows who had happened to make himself obnoxious to them. Thus it happened that they carried the victim to the fields and delivered him to the vengeance of the sheep and cattle, who forthwith fell upon the luckless wolf, rejoicing that there were still to be had justice and a square deal in the forest.

Henceforth the wolves continued to steal and rob in renewed safety.

That is the story of Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco.

* * *

Our freethinkers, pure and simple, enjoy the rare privilege of showing apparent signs of life, though actually dead.

One of them, in a series of articles in *The Truthseeker,* completely annihilates Max Stirner. The writer goes about it in a childishly simple way: he hurls Thomas Paine at Stirner, and lo, 'tis done! Stirner knows nothing and understands less, since he does not agree with Paine. That is quite "rational," but not rational enough.

A surer way to annihilate Stirner would be to prove that his teachings do not harmonize with the inscriptions

on the pyramids or with the philosophic views of Egyptian mummies.

* * *

Lucifer, the champion of woman's emancipation from sex bondage, has been transformed into a magazine, called *The American Journal of Eugenics*. Among the articles contained in the August number are: "A Study in Social Psychology," by the Rev. Sidney Holmes; "The Question of Population," by C. Gonnard; "Relative Sex Morality," by James Armstrong; "The Song of Maternity," by Lillian Browne-Thayer, etc. The last issue contains sixty-four pages, an increase of sixteen pages over the July number. Ten cents per copy; $1.00 per year. Order of newsdealers, or of M. Harman, 500 Fulton Street, Chicago, or of *Mother Earth*.

* * *

Our readers will be glad to learn that a new Anarchist publication has been started in Tokio, Japan. The publishers are three Chinese girls who have courageously freed themselves from the heavy shackles of Occidental tradition, prejudice and superstition. "The Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation" has been translated for the first issue of the new journal. Comrade Denjiro Kotoku writes us that there is a great awakening taking place among the intellectuals of Japan. A hearty welcome to this new champion of a better life!

SOCIAL CONDITIONS UNDER FREEDOM

By WM. HOLMES.

THAT human beings, when left to the freedom of their own devices, with plenty of elbow room, unrestricted opportunities to exploit nature, and secure in the possession of their own productions, will conduct themselves according to the law of equal freedom, is attested by numerous examples in modern as well as ancient society. And it was undoubtedly the recognition of this Anarchistic fact that impelled the distinguished American, Washington Irving, to put into the mouth of his quaint old Dutch historian, in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," these memorable words:

"For my part I have not so bad an opinion of mankind as many of my brother philosophers. I do not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship as they would make it out to be; and so far as I have observed I am fully satisfied that man, if left to himself, would about as readily go right as wrong. It is only this eternally sounding in his ears that it is his duty to go right that makes him go the very reverse. The noble independence of his nature revolts at the intolerable tyranny of law and the perpetual interference of officious morality, which is ever besetting his path with finger posts and directions to keep to the right as the law directs; and like a spirited urchin he turns directly contrary, and gallops through mud and mire, over hedges and ditches, merely to show that he is a lad of spirit and out of his leading strings. And these opinions are amply substantiated by what I have above said of our worthy ancestors, who, never being be-preached and be-lectured, and guided and governed by statutes and by-laws, as are their more enlightened descendants, did one and all demean themselves honestly and peaceably."

And why not? Nature's laws are more binding upon the individual, more conducive to his welfare and happiness, more in the line of his eternal progress than are the laws and statutes which government imposes upon us. The first great law—self-preservation—points directly to human solidarity, and in this great idea is embodied nearly all there is to human progress.

Some years ago it was my fortune to visit the coast of Spanish Honduras and a number of the adjacent islands. One, the island of Utilla, was formerly owned by Great Britain, and was ceded to the Honduranian government about sixty years ago. It is inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of English and Welsh people who settled the country. The little town of Utilla, overlooking the bay, is thoroughly English in appearance and character, and its population of eight hundred souls, notwithstanding the fact that they are now subjects of Honduras, cling closely to their mother country's traditions and practices. Such a village in England could not exist without its courts, its jail, its poorhouse, and a small army of officials, from mayor down to town crier, to enforce its laws and ordinances and punish its offenders. But here, under a semi-tropical sun, with common wants and necessities supplied by minimum labor; here, with opportunities equal, free alike from the exactions of monopolies and the restrictions of onerous laws, these people live, love and are happy; there are no courts, jails

or poorhouses, and the only visible sign of government is the Honduranian garrison, consisting of a Commandante or general, and three barefooted, bareheaded soldiers armed with ancient-looking muskets. It never enters the heads of these simple-minded Britishers to lock their doors, to waylay and rob their neighbors, or to attempt to corner the products of their fertile little isle.

Tristan d'Acunha, one thousand five hundred miles due south of St. Helena, is the smallest, loneliest atom in the British empire. It was garrisoned during Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, and the inhabitants are the descendants of an English corporal, his wife, and two private soldiers who preferred to remain there on the withdrawal of the troops. Wives for the two bachelors were obtained from St. Helena, and the population has been increased from time to time by castaways and a few women convicts. The island is only eighteen square miles in extent; the population is now about eighty or ninety; tobacco and liquors are unknown; there is no government, except that the oldest male inhabitant is looked upon as a patriarch or father to his little community, and there are no laws. Communism is the prevailing practice, all things being shared in common and proportionately. Once a year the governor of St. Helena visits the island to see after its welfare and report thereon to the paternal government—a visit which the conduct and life of the simple islanders render absolutely unnecessary.

Other illustrations might be given of ocean islands and small secluded communities on the continents of Europe and America, showing how absence of restrictions always results in the greatest happiness to the largest number. It is not necessary, in order that people may enjoy to the fullest extent the products of their own labor and a free, natural society, that they be sequestered from the rest of the world on an ocean island or away from the busy hives of industry and social life. Such people are in the fullest sense civil and humane, not because they are exiles, but because their environment enables them to free themselves, or be free, from the petty exactions of government and law; because they are not over-ridden by monopolies and trusts; because they are free from the exactions of custom and Mother Grundy. Nature is bountiful to us on every hand; the earth is fertile and productive. Man's

skill and impulse to create are sufficient to provide every luxury. The productive capacity of society is far in excess of its consumptive capacity; therefore with normal conditions we should have abundance and to spare. All that we common people need ask—and we should demand this with all the force at our command—is that the non-producers, the leeches, the vampires of society shall let us alone; shall leave us free to give expression to those natural impulses which impel us to put in practice the law of equal freedom.

* * *

THE LABOR MARKET

By T. H. POTTER.

The monopolists said: "If we can only cut the workingman off from the land, we can employ him at about our own price."

And they did so.

Then they said: "If we can get his young son to work for us, the increased amount of labor on the market will enable us to get the two for about the price of one."

And they did so.

Then they said: "Now for his little girl; all three will only earn what the father did at one time."

And they did so.

Then they said: "Now reach for the mother." "But she has to take care of the baby." "Oh, we will pay one woman to take charge of twenty babies and scoop the nineteen."

And they did so.

Then they said: "We won't pay that one woman. Appeal to the public—'tis so charitable."

And they are doing so.

Then the foxy one lay awake nights to think of something the babies could work at, that he might coin a few pennies off the kids.

Make the Nursery self-supporting. You know, it would be so independent.

And they will do so.—*The Public.*

THE WORKERS MUST MANAGE FOR THEMSELVES

By JOHN TURNER.

A FEW years ago it was the boast of Social Democrats that they had the same principles and programme all over the world. Whether this was ever more than generally true is very doubtful. Certain it is that their programme could not be quite the same in all countries. For in some of the more advanced the political and economic conditions are very different from those where they are less developed. The political position of the United States, for instance, is totally at variance with that of Russia, in spite of the Dumas. And the economic and industrial development of each country has gone along such different lines, that the methods applied by the workers to deal with the situation, with a view to improvement, must vary very considerably.

Only in one thing have they been in absolute agreement. This was that the workers were to adopt political action as the means of emancipation. So much was this insisted on that the economic side of Socialism—and it is well always to remember that Socialism is really an economic theory—was pushed almost out of sight.

For instance, to be admitted as a delegate to the International Socialist Congress, it is necessary to represent a political Socialist body, or an organization of workers who believe in political action. But if you happened to belong to an ardent Socialist or Communist Society, which repudiated political electioneering as the means of changing economic conditions, you would be refused participation in the discussions. Exactly the same if you were a member of a trade union which only adopted direct action in the economic arena in its struggles with the exploiters. You would be denied admission. So while conservative workingmen who repudiate Socialism, but believe in political action, can take part in the International Socialist Congresses, advanced workingmen, who are ardent Socialists, but believe direct action against the capitalists is the most effective, are shut out.

In Germany this attitude is most pronounced. There, political Socialism has largely taken the place of political Radicalism of other countries, plus a Catholic conception of modern Socialism. In the mind of many German Social Democrats, Berlin takes the place of Rome. The party has in the past spent money in other countries to try and propagate the true doctrine according to Marx. I wonder how much the Avelings had here in the days gone by? Austria, Holland and Denmark have had their share. Probably no other political party has ever had quite such ambitions as this one.

Yet what other country in Europe can show such poor result in social legislation during the last twenty years? Can any one show what they have achieved? No wonder the German workers are turning more and more to their trade unions. After all, the attempt to build up a sort of political church on a material basis was sure to be a failure. Abstract doctrines and dogmas can only be expected to linger indefinitely when they deal with unknown mysteries. All the old dogmatic teachings of the party are already a heap of ruins—intellectually speaking. The concentration of capital into fewer and fewer hands is no longer contended for, except by a few benighted fanatics who have failed to inform themselves of recent investigation. It is evident that the growing strength of capitalism lies in the increasing army of parasites and the part they play in politics.

Yet it was undoubtedly on the notion that the capitalists were devouring one another, and were a rapidly decreasing quantity, that the political policy of the German Social Democratic Party was formed. The "iron law of wages," which pre-supposed free competition among the workers to secure employment, has been largely suspended by the steady growth of trade unionism securing a minimum wage in every industrial country. Even the "materialistic conception of history" is no longer accepted as presented by Marx, even by such an ardent disciple as Belfort Bax. Fortunately, the collapse of these teachings by no means affects the fundamental principles of Socialism. That lands and the means of production should not be the instruments by which an idle class can live on the labor of their fellows, is just as true, even if the capitalist parasites are increasing, political electioneering futile, the

standard of comfort for the workers slowly rising, and the mental and economic forces, by acting and reacting upon one another, account for the progress of society.

The fact is, labor has got to repudiate the legal claims of those who levy tribute upon it! Those who urged that the workers could do this by political action seemed to imagine that if they could transfer property to the State all would be well. But we find the State by no means a model employer. It is the French Government of to-day, with two political Socialists in the Cabinet, MM. Briand and Viviani, which refuses the right of the teachers and other State employees to form trade unions, or join the General Confederation of Labor.

We have seen a Labor Cabinet formed in Australia, and everything go on just the same as before. The only difference at any rate was that a number of political ex-workingmen took office and big salaries from the State, instead of political officials of the ordinary type, who have generally incomes independently, through exploiting labor in some form or other.

What permanent benefit labor can secure through placing political Socialists or men of their own class in power has yet to be proved. The only effect so far is to make these Socialist and labor politicians quite reactionary. Up till now every approach toward the position advocated by Social Democrats has been a dead failure. The workers have been betrayed again and again. Until they see clearly that Governments exist to keep things as they are; that society is held together by the social instinct in mankind; and that if they desire to alter existing social institutions they must take direct action and assume full responsibility for it; not till then will they be able to make any serious change in their economic position.

In the meantime, let every intelligent worker do what he can to rouse his fellows to action. They should fight and struggle all the time for the best possible conditions to-day. In active and energetic efforts the workers are learning their strength. They need not wait for election time to try to shorten their hours of labor or increase their wages. But behind all their activity let it be understood that nothing short of the complete emancipation of labor will satisfy the workers as a whole. This can be secured, not through placing any body of men in political power,

but by freely co-operating in the production of wealth, and refusing to recognize the claims of idlers to take the lion's share. The workers must manage these things for themselves. National and territorial Governments must be replaced by free associations of the workers. Till they are capable of this, neither Socialist nor labor governments can help them much.—*Voice of Labor.*

* * *

ANTI-MORAL REFLECTIONS

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THE rulers and possessors also have hard problems to solve. How shall they fortify their threatened privileges? How strengthen the weakening faith of the people in the "justice" of the State; how lull their ever growing suspicion as to the corruption of wealth and power?

The faith and respect of the masses are indispensable to the rulers; without them no government is safe. They must therefore be artificially inculcated by the aid of the family, the church, the school, patriotic phrases, and the habits of mental indolence.

Formerly this was a much less difficult problem. The invention of printing, however, in spite of the wholesale spreading of prejudice and lies, was instrumental in aiding some revolutionizing ideas to gain currency—brave, noble thoughts disturbed the lethargy of the people and made them think. And with thought came doubt and the question: Are the "accepted truths" really true? Is current, official justice really just?

Ah, the good old days when priest and ruler could read the destinies of nations in the flight of birds and the intestines of cattle! In those times the people had more confidence in the oracles than they have nowadays in the integrity of legislatures, whose corruption is becoming daily more apparent.

The long entertained suspicion is gradually crystallizing into the firm conviction that our political, religious and social institutions are but the reins with which the pro-

ducing masses are kept "in order," to be exploited and oppressed at the will of their rulers.

This realization is fatal for the upper four hundred—they must look around for new ways and means to continue their slaves in subjection.

The power of religion is not nearly as effective as before. True, many thousands of churches are still making the earth hideous, like the tell-tale marks of a smallpox victim. 'Tis a land of religion and puritanism: the law-givers begin their work with prayers. But so do also certain Italian banditti, who consecrate wax candles to Sancta Maria, in the pious hope that their next robber excursion will prove the more successful.

In reality, however, religion has lost its influence upon our social and economic actions. It lacks the power to help the "good" and defeat the "evil." The good God is treated like some business partner who is often taken advantage of and cheated.

This form of piousness Clarence Darrow has fittingly characterized at Boise: "You may kill, steal, commit any crime known to heaven or to earth, and then you may turn and throw your crime on somebody else and your soul upon God."

Indeed, religion does not prevent the rich from robbing and oppressing the poor. On the other hand, however, it has fortunately ceased to serve as a barrier for the masses in the expression of their social and economic aspirations and demands.

Religion is thus ineffectual in conserving the masses in bondage. A substitute has become necessary. It is urgently demanded and found in—morality.

The moral precepts, like the religious, are authoritarian in character. True, 'tis not the old God that issues the commands. His place has been taken by the "moral conscience," "duty," "the inner voice;" the tyranny, before external, has now become internal. The religious fetters of faith in divine and earthly authority are growing weaker and threaten to break: morality must come to the rescue, that the aspirations of humanity, the cry of the masses for life and joy be stifled in its iron grip.

Education and literature are eternally multiplying the number of our "duties" and the demands made upon us. Every sign of awakening of the growing—or already

grown—individual is eradicated by a moral command. Our moral guardians are no less tyrannical and intolerant than those of law and religion. They even dare to prescribe moral precepts for science, philosophy and art.

Having put under its ban the free association of the sexes, morality has succeeded in fostering forced marriage, prostitution and venereal diseases. Men and women must not satisfy their physiological needs, except they are married; but as economic misery prevents marriage in a great many cases—and that at the very period when sex life is most imperative—nothing remains for them but celibacy or prostitution. Such are the blessings of our economics and morality.

Anarchism, negating compulsion in all phases of human activity, political, economic and social, is consequently also antagonistic to all commands of morality, which is but the masked instrument of subjection.

During the recent strike of the drivers of the New York Street Cleaning Department, the press and authorities denounced the strikers because they neglected their "duty," their "moral obligation" towards the city and the public.

An excellent example of bourgeois morality! Is it the duty of underpaid and ill-treated employees to keep the city's streets clean—especially the quarters of the rich? The same duty commands them to patiently suffer the filth of their misery and rot in their economic swamp, that the rich may continue their life of parasitic idleness. In truth, morality is a well-paying business—for the rich, the exploiters. But the poor were doomed to eternal servitude were it not for the happy circumstance that they prefer to be immoral.

In the same sense people prate of "moral satisfaction" in work well done. Are we not all familiar with the phrase, "the dignity of labor"? The hypocrites! The man of spirit and independence can but feel humiliated by his forced labor; far from enjoying "moral satisfaction" in his wage slavery, he can not help but be filled with hatred against conditions which degrade him to a mere tool for the accumulation of wealth—for others. The proletarian whose spirit does not rise in protest against his degrading bondage is a born slave, lacking all manhood.

Morality condemns encroachments upon property. It is the "moral duty" of the homeless one to pass quietly by the mansion of the millionaire. Were he to enter, to rest up his weary body, he would be branded a criminal, fit for prison. Morality is thus anti-social and unnatural. Morality shouts, "Stop thief!" when a hungry tramp has taken a loaf of bread, and then proceeds to bow before and worship the successful employer who daily robs his workingmen of half the value of their product.

Morality is a practiced hypocrite, whom no free spirit may welcome.

❧ ❧ ❧

FLASHES FROM THE FLINT

By VICTOR ROBINSON

Our thoughts are creators. Our abstract ideas become materialized into concrete realities. The thought is the prefix to the act. It is the pioneer, the pilot of the deed. I agree with Grant Allen: if people begin by thinking rationally, there is danger that they may end by acting rationally too.

Every institution is an Inquisition in embryo.

He who makes a journey to the home of truth, must drop many sweet illusions on the way.

What redeems like love? Whose face can beam like kindness?

Shelley, Burns and Byron lost the world for love. What sweeter fate?!

They tell us of the Mary who wept at the cross of Jesus, but ignore the bleeding Mary of to-day; they talk about the holy supper, while there are families lacking bread; they worship the crucified Christ, while humanity is stretched upon the cross.

Reason is the ladder by which we climb into the heaven of truth. Religion is the will-o'-the-wisp which leads us to the abyss of error.

A LITERARY NUISANCE

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

IGNORANCE and arrogance on the part of a critic, and the literary "innocence" of the editor or publisher make a combination which can be fitly characterized as a literary nuisance.

Such is the article "Modern Germany—Mad?", by George Sylvester Viereck, published in the June issue of the *Arena*. Supposedly treating of modern German literature, the writer succeeds only in displaying his own ignorance and arrogance.

These two qualities were ever characteristic of the legitimate members of the Hohenzollern house. If it be true that the Vierecks are the illegitimate offsprings of that house, it would seem to prove that illegitimacy does not always rectify the faults of legitimacy.

Of all ignoramuses the writing ignoramus is the most stupid. That is the fatality of the trade of writing. Since the literary style is one's innermost expression, a fool's writing necessarily betrays his emptiness.

Evidently Mr. Viereck did not consider that; else he would have left the pen alone: conceit would have saved him.

The modern literature of Germany is of nearly twenty years growth. Its most striking works have been written under the inspiration of the social revolutionary spirit of that period. They represent the high tide of the passionate aspirations and hopes for the regeneration of social and individual life along the lines of Socialism and Anarchism: social justice, economic freedom and the emancipation of woman from the fetters of home-slavery were its slogans.

The modern spirit found its strongest and most artistic expression in the dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann, as well as in the works of Max Halbe, Otto Erich Hartleben, and Frank Wedekind; Sudermann, however, identified himself with the stage rather than with life.

Whatever the valuation of the German modern literatti —as compared with their predecessors—it is unquestionably true that they have enriched and deepened our soul-

life. It was they who have voiced in a penetrating and unique manner the mute suffering of the underworld, the social aspirations which formed the undercurrent of accepted traditions.

These few and apparently irrelevant remarks are made merely to show that modern German literature is neither as "mad" nor as empty as the head of its critic, Mr. Viereck.

Let us now consider the *Arena* article in detail.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Viereck has named Marie Madeleine (pseudonym) as "the first and foremost" in the "literary madhouse" of modern Germany. It is because her subject matter is so closely allied to his own? And is she to be characterized as "indecent" by the psychopathic author of the "Haunted House"? While by no means the foremost of German moderns, one cannot read her *"Eine Priesterin der Aphrodite"* or *"Und es verrauschen und verklingen Tage und Tage"* without feeling that she has touched humanly vital chords. Her poetry is the cry of a soul that, in her own words, *"hat niemals ihr Ziel gefunden"*—if that is "indecent," what word in the English or even in the German vocabulary can fittingly characterize the following stanza of Mr. Viereck:

"To-night I feel the presence of the others,
"Your lovers were they and are now my brothers;
"And I have nothing that has not been theirs,
"No single bloom the tree of passion bears
"They have not plucked. Beloved, can it be?
"Is there no gift that you reserve for me—
"No loving kindness or *no subtle sin*,*
"No secret shrine that none has entered in,
"Whither no mocking memories pursue
"Love's wistful pilgrim?"

Mr. Viereck absolutely ignores the real representative poetesses of modern Germany, such as Helene Boehlau, Frieda von Buelow, Clara Viebig and Hedwig Lachmann. True, he speaks of Margarete Beutler as "the most gifted poetess," but of course he regards her—who is no less a personality than she is a poet—as "depraved," because "she declares in her autobiography that she is tempera-

* The italics are mine. E. G.

mentally incapable of entering into permanent marital relations." Mr. Viereck stupidly reads into that sentence the desire of the poetess to advertise herself by a recital of her private affairs. With the same criterion he judges that tender poetic soul—Peter Hille—who, Mr. Viereck informs us, had said that "as a Westphalian he was a shameless liar, godless and without conscience." Our critic believes that this "confession" was made "to attract attention at any price." 'Tis a pity that Peter Hille was so frank and outspoken. His lack of discretion in this regard was not compatible with good business methods. No wonder poor, sensitive Peter Hille died destitute and forsaken in his miserable garret.

Not the least bad break of Mr. Viereck is his reference to Gustav Wied as "the alleged German Mark Twain." In confidence we will inform our well-posted critic that the satirist Gustav Wied happens to be a Dane.

Mr. Viereck has dropped his pose of the decadent, blasé beyond good and evil. His amibition was to play the rôle of a miniature edition of Oscar Wilde. That, however, proved impractical in the land of Comstock. It seemed more advisable to masquerade as the indignant moralist and censor of "indecent" German poetesses.

The author of the *Arena* article is morally outraged by Frank Wedekind (not Franz, as he is erroneously called by Mr. Viereck) and Erich Mühsam. The fact that such "vulgar" and "nauseating" writers are tolerated in the leading magazines of Germany conclusively proves, according to our critic, the literary rottenness of Germany. How fortunate that Wedekind is not an American writer—he would be confiscated by our Puritans. Yet this "vulgar" Wedekind is the author of that beautiful "*Frühlingserwachen*," a work that should be read by every mother and teacher, portraying as it does in the most tender and artistic manner the sex awakening of the child and showing the terrible crimes committed by parents and teachers against their maturing children.

Equally "impossible" Mr. Viereck considers Erich Mühsam. The latter dares to openly avow himself an Anarchist! He would not be permitted to tread our shores, much less to contribute to our leading magazines, which would be outraged—like Mr. Viereck—by the exposé of our rotten social conditions, as depicted in

"*Amanda.*" It is owing to the literary honesty of the Mühsams, however, and the courage of German leading periodicals who publish such exposés (so much regretted by Mr. Viereck) that the consciousness of the world is awakened to the realization of the enormity of our social crimes responsible for the things portrayed by Mühsam.

"Tell me what amuses you," our critic exclaims, "and I will tell you what you are." Mr. Viereck strenuously objects to the "obscenity" of the *Simplicissimus* jokes and carricatures. They are very harmful, he thinks, since they expose the rottenness of certain social circles. He probably prefers *Puck* and *Judge*. There is nothing "indecent" in them, to be sure. Indeed, their vacuity and lack of wit can favorably compare even with the *Arena* article.

Fortunately, Germany is not quite helpless against this damnable literature. The good Kaiser stands guard over the morals of his people. His would-be relative has this to say about it:

"And so, too, much in the actions of Kaiser Wilhelm that may strike us as uncalled-for interference in matters of art, is due to the desire of his healthy nature to place a check upon things unwholesome and unclean."

Kaiser Willie's "healthy nature" expresses itself in art and literature by patronizing impotence and mediocrity, while artists and writers of real merit are made to feel his most sovereign displeasure. The royal megalomaniac recognizes only such literary efforts which foster national stupidity and flatter the Hohenzollern régime. His influence is positively harmful, encouraging writers and artists who are ever ready to sacrifice their own mental sovereignty for a royal smile or a cheap order.

I apologize for having charged Mr. Viereck with lack of talent. His reference to the Kaiser proves his considerable ability as a career-hunter and schnorrer patriot.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

By SLOVAK.

FRANCE.

Comrade Jean Grave, editor of *Les Temps Nouveaux,* Paris, asks for six hundred volunteers to help him get out an illustrated utopia, *Les Pionniers,* which old people will like to read, but which will especially appeal to the young, telling them in the form of an adventurous novel how persecuted militant comrades, stranded upon an island, are organizing labor, and the relations between individuals free from all authority.

Defensive and aggressive strikes, fermentation in the unions concerning forms and methods of organization and struggle, anti-militarist demonstrations, civil disobedience in the South, rather ineffective governmental suppression and revenge—these are the signs of the times that prove that the masses are becoming conscious in spite of guns and lullabies.

We have received the first number of *La Demolizione,* a bi-weekly organ of rationalist propaganda with the motto: Science, truth, liberty, emancipation. Address: Prof. Ottavio Dinale, Annemasse, France.

SPAIN.

The pedagogic review *Humanidad Nueva,* organ of the modern school of Valencia, Spain, devoted exclusively to rationalist education, has published a special issue to demonstrate the advantages of rational and scientific education, and to give palpable proofs of the great work accomplished by Ferrer, whose recent trial ended in acquittal. The issue will contain photographs of classes, class rooms, etc., of all the modern schools in Spain and of all those educational institutions that use the methods of the modern school of Barcelona and its text-books. The price of this special issue will be five cents. Address for this interesting document: *Humanidad Nueva,* Plaza San Gil 1, Valencia, Spain.

Barcelona has a libertarian monthly eugenic review of four years' existence, *Salud y Fuerza,* illustrated, published by the League of Human Regeneration under the motto, "Conscious and limited procreation." They have

recently published a series of neo-malthusian as well as general libertarian pamphlets, amongst the latter a translation of Clarence S. Darrow's famous lecture, "Crime and Criminals."

ITALY.

Luigi Molinari announces in his splendid *Universita Popolare* the proposed opening of modern schools of the type of those established by Francisco Ferrer in Spain. Portugal, Spain, Italy—one after another the strongholds of mediaeval darkness are infected by the germ of scientific rationalism.

The publishing house of Fortunato Serrantoni, of Florence, will publish in the near future an Italian rendition of Jean Grave's "Moribund Society and Anarchy," known to the comrades of America in translation by Comrade Voltairine de Cleyre.

Il Grido della Folla, of Milano, is again in the field. Address: Casella postale 1123, Milano, Italy.

SWITZERLAND.

In April of this year six Italians were prosecuted in the courts of Winterthur for having manufactured bombs. Two of the defendants were condemned, while four were acquitted from all complicity or even knowledge of the alleged crime. Nevertheless, these four were afterwards expelled from Switzerland for "criminal use of explosives and endangering the inner safety of Switzerland." This was done by the Bundesanwaltschaft, the head of the Swiss political police (created under the pressure of Prince Bismarck), and with the connivance of the Swiss parliament, from whose decision there is no appeal. The civil courts acquit a man. The protectors of law and order and guardians of the free people ignore the acquittal and violate the law and constitution to eliminate undesirable elements. Such are government and justice and a sovereign people under unappealable political police guardianship.

On June twentieth Comrade Sauter, editor of the Anarchist paper *Der Revolutionär,* Berlin, and Comrades Neumann, Varnisher, and Drewes, printers, were acquitted from the charge of having incited to violence by an article and some poetry in said paper. The Attorney of the State thus sustained a defeat in spite of the best inten-

tions of the court to find evidence sufficient for conviction.

The twenty-nine comrades who had been arrested at Mannheim, Baden, for participating in the Congress of the German Anarchists, have been acquitted. Congratulations!

RUSSIA.

During the three months of "service" of the stool pigeon of autocracy, called the second Duma, the freedom of press has been manifested as follows: 94 dailies and weeklies suppressed; 64 editors imprisoned, and preventive censorship, abolished by ukase, flourishing in many cities fiercer than ever. Only one paper of the Black Hundreds was suspended, and that only for a short while.

The strike of the longshoremen and seamen of the Caspian Sea is spreading. When the Government tried to bring seamen on board in the Persian ports of Enseli and Astrabad, the strikers sunk several ships with the Cossacks on board. Now the ship crews on the river Volga also threaten to strike, as well as the 50,000 workers in the naphtha district. The president of the seamen's association is arrested.

MEXICO.

Revolucion is published by the liberal junta of Mexico in Los Angeles, 660 San Fernando street, as successor to *Regeneracion,* of St. Louis, which has been suppressed by the federal authorities under pressure of Teddy's business partner, Porfirio Diaz. The paper is splendidly edited by Modesto Diaz, and gives details of the horrid fate of imprisoned men, women and children in the bastiles of Mexico. *El Amigo del Pueblo,* of San Antonio, Tex., reports that a certain Arredondo has betrayed over five hundred liberals to the Mexican Government. The scoundrel has been rewarded by a job in the army.

Over five thousand politicals are in the prisons and fortresses looking forward to a dire fate. Comrade L. Guttierrez de Lara, a refugee from Cananea and a brilliant attorney, has just published the first volume of a tetralogy of novels, "Los Bribones," dealing with the Green-Cananea atrocities, and ripping to pieces the Mexican brand of the sham of patriotism. The forthcoming volumes will bear the titles, "Amor de Tudesca," "Muyer Valiente," and "La Huelga" (the strike).

CUBA.

Our comrades Saavedra and Lores are still imprisoned at Guanabacoa, deportation pending. Our contemporary *Tierra,* of Habana, appeals in their behalf to organized labor, publishing stirring letters of our imprisoned friends.

The cigarmakers' strike of nearly six months' duration, comprising 15,000 workers, who did not give the police and governmental pinks any chance for forceful invasion, has been won by labor getting hold of and publishing a letter of Governor Magoon to the employers in which he refused interference on their behalf because he considered the claims of labor justified. We wonder if this is not an effort to sidetrack labor from the dangerous Anarchists sentenced to deportation. Or is the Governor a good Judge Magnaud reincarnated?

AUSTRALIA.

"Fifty-one years ago the first Eight-Hour League in Australia was established in Melbourne, and Parliament has not yet made eight hours a legal day's work. In this direction the unions have done more than Parliament for wage earners."—*Coast Seamen's Journal.*

In the *Socialist,* Melbourne, we read: "Mr. J. Praed, general secretary of the Australian Miners' Association, received the following letter from Mr. D. F. Bosher, secretary of the Ballarat Mine Owners' Association: 'No alteration will be made in the scale of wages, but we accede to your request to grant six-hour shifts to miners working where the temperature is 80 degrees or over, and also an increase to truckers of 6d. per shift of eight hours, working in the same temperature.' In regard to reduced hours, the concession made by the mine owners of the six-hour shift instead of eight, without reduction of pay, is significant, and indicates what will soon become general. Progress continues to be made by the Six-Hour-Work-Day Committee in their propagandist efforts in the Trade Unions. The demand for a six-hour day has recently also been endorsed by the Victorian Agricultural Implement and Machine Makers, while the Coach-builders' Union and the Melbourne Typographical Society have adjourned the debate upon the subject until their half-yearly meetings; it is anticipated that the proposal will be carried by an overwhelming majority.

By the time that most of the unions will have obtained the six-hour day by direct action, and the eight-hour day relegated to the dim past, Parliament will declare that the legal eight-hour day is an outrage, an impossibility, and unconstitutional; but labor won't give a damn!

❦ ❦ ❦

ANENT THE AMSTERDAM CONFERENCE

La Questione Sociale, of Paterson, N. J., reprints an article of Peter Kropotkin, of the year 1896, dealing with the much discussed subject of the advisability of Anarchist congresses. We quote:

"The International must work in view of a double aim. In its every-day work it will establish the union between the men of various trades in every city, in every district, in every nation, and internationally between all trades.

And in its congresses it will do its propaganda work widely, outside of the ranks of its organization. It will disseminate its ideas with full hands in the midst of the entire population—before all amongst those strata that still keep away from the revolutionary advance guard of labor.

In these congresses the workers—always the workers—of the different trades and different nationalities will learn to know each other. They will learn and deliberate the methods to bring their strikes to good results by national and international mutual aid. They will learn how to paralyze the beast of capitalism by the force of their international attack. They will learn to press the beast to the wall with their shoulders and make it surrender before the united forces of the workingmen.

They will study at the same time the best ways to produce and exchange their products. By means of this continuous mutual understanding, renewed every year by the international exchange of ideas, shall the new form of the organization of industries work itself out, which is destined some day to replace capitalist production and the mercantile exchange of products.

And at the same time the regional and international congresses will serve as powerful means of propaganda

of Socialist ideas and for the working out of new ideas.

At each congress two or three important questions will be submitted for study, to be reported on at the following congress. These questions will be submitted for discussion, first amongst the groups of workers, then in the little regional and national congresses, and, finally, at the annual international congress.

People of good will are bound to prepare reports summing up the discussions of groups and regional bodies; and these reports will serve as basis for discussion at the following congress. Finally, published as reports, they will serve as arguments for discussions and for propaganda in the papers."

❧ ❧ ❧

AMSTERDAM CONFERENCE FUND

Freie Arbeiterstimme Group, New York	$25.00
Group Germinal, New York	5.00
Group Weckruf, New York	5.00
Bruno Lehmann, New York	1.00
D. Bouquet, New York	.50
Thos. Brothers, Brooklyn	2.00
Liberty Group, San Francisco, per I. Edelson	10.00
Mrs. Erne, Portland, Ore	5.00
A. Weislander, Portland, Ore	3.00
Mrs. Robinson, Seattle, Wash	1.00
Wm. Holmes, Denver, Colo	1.00
Group Winnipeg, Can	*15.00
Per P. Fogel, Winnipeg, Can.:	
P. Fogel	2.00
F. Kraemer	3.00
E. N. Ling	2.00
Per J. Livshis, Chicago:	
S. Oakley	5.00
S. T. Hammersmark	3.00
J. M. Livshis	3.00
Joe Goldman	1.00
F. Schoettle	1.00
Frank Schreiber	1.00
Miss Grant	.50
Ben Capes	1.00

* Additional ten dollars promised.

M. Rubinstein	1.00
M. Newman	1.00
J. Fishman, St. Louis	1.00
B. Gelfer, New York	1.00
T. P. Lehan, Redlands, Cal	1.00
P. Leone, Redlands, Cal	1.00
Joe Weed, Redlands, Cal	.50
	$102.50

The sum received so far will barely pay the fare, both ways. Not being in the grace of God I cannot be expected to live on faith and air. I must therefore ask the comrades and groups who have indorsed my participation in the Conference to continue their contributions.

During my absence all mail is to be addressed as heretofore, 210 East 13th St., New York.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

❦ ❦ ❦

UNWELCOME PREY

By LILLIAN BROWNE-THAYER.

IT is a morning in early May. Spring is flinging out her intoxicating odors. The palpitating sunlight embraces the earth with passionate caresses. Nature, responsive, has burst into life in blade and leaf and flower. In the park geometric beds of tulips and crocusses and daffodils have sprung up in blotches of red and yellow and purple—mad, riotous colors in orderly array.

Across the boulevard the sunlight plays upon the red brick, ivy-patched walls of the Girls' High School. Through the open window comes the sound of a piano prelude; then the voice of the director is heard. There is a pause, and soon a chorus of fresh young voices floats out on the air. Passers-by slacken their gait to listen. The loungers in the park rouse themselves from their dozing as the words of an old anthem reach their ears:

"Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heav'n, O sweetly raise,
An endless Alleluia."

The words are repeated over and over—"An endless,

endless Alleluia." To an imaginative and romantic mind the old air would roll back the centuries to magnolia-bordered walks by cloistered walls—to vesper bells and a nuns' processional. But the loungers in the park are not imaginative, romantic natures. Idle workingmen on strike have neither the spirit nor the culture to indulge in such mental luxuries. The dreadful present is all-absorbing. And yet the music seems to soothe their tired, discontented souls—

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink that ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia."

One of the men turned on his face and smothered an exclamation. His companions, half asleep on the benches and grass, are too weary with life to be cynical. They are older men than he.

An open carriage rolls into the east entrance of the park from the boulevard. The face of the occupant is concealed by a white lace parasol. The coachman draws rein in the shade of one of the horse-chestnut trees that border the driveway. The woman closes her parasol and leans back against the cushions.

"Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious one, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia."

She arranges a bracelet on her fat wrist and wipes the perspiration from her moist neck, carefully powdering her chin with a puff she conceals in her belt.

"While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell forth in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.
Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory forevermore, to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen."

There is a stir and the big front door of the school swings back and the girls swarm out into the sunlight like bees from a hive. They separate in pairs and in

groups of threes and fours. Three of the girls enter the park, arm in arm. They are hatless and in light muslins. The woman in the carriage scans them critically as she opens her parasol. She leans forward and whispers to the coachman, who turns the horses into a side driveway. Both the coachman and the woman keep their eyes fastened on the three girls. Quite unconscious that they are watched, the girls part at the fountain with merry words. They feel their hearts swell with affection for the old school and for one another as the last days of their school life draw near.

One of the girls takes an unfrequented side path. The woman and the coachman do not allow her to get out of their sight. They follow her pink dress, concealed now and then by the budding shrubbery. She comes to the end of the path where it meets the roadway. As she crosses, the horses suddenly start forward. The girl is thrown. A faint cry of fright escapes her. In a moment she is on her feet but her ankle is sprained and sore. The woman reproaches the coachman for his carelessness, and alighting from the carriage she is all solicitude for the girl.

"Oh, my dear girl, are you much hurt?" she asks in her tenderest voice.

"Oh, no, only frightened, I think. I was so startled, you know. And my ankle does pain some when I try to walk," the girl added.

"Come into the carriage. I will drive you home. Home, Max. I will send for the doctor. Yes, yes," as the girl protests that she is not hurt seriously, "these sprains are dangerous if they are not attended to at once. You can have lunch with me while we wait for the doctor. Then we will drive you home."

They drive through streets unknown to the girl, till finally the horses are brought to a standstill before a large, dingy-looking building. The girl does not like the looks of the street nor the house, and she would turn back but her foot is too painful to walk upon; so she does not express her fears, but goes willingly enough into the house with the woman. She is led through a large hall into a room that is lavishly furnished though somewhat dingy in appearance. The woman tells her to lie on the sofa while she gets hot water and a basin, and telephones for

the doctor. The woman closes the door and the girl hears a key turned on the outer side.

She is on her feet at once, unmindful of the sprained ankle. She tries the door. It is locked. There are two other doors. She tries them with a throbbing heart. They, too, are locked. The windows, before which screens had been carefully arranged, are all barred. She is imprisoned!

The woman goes into the next room. A finely dressed man is pacing nervously up and down the floor.

"How long have you been waiting?" she asks him.

"Twenty minutes, my watch says, but my patience says two hours! What success?"

"The best," she answers.

"Is she pretty?" he asks.

"Judge for yourself," she retorts, as he takes out a roll of bills and hands her several without counting them. "And I believe she is sensible. I have not heard her cry out. Perhaps you can win her without force—if you are patient," she says in a hard voice. He laughs nervously and starts toward the door of the room. He turns the key and enters, not forgetting to lock the door behind him as he does so, and pockets the key.

The girl stands with her back to the door with clenched hands. He sees her lithe, graceful figure, and his heart is inflamed. He takes a step forward eager for his prey. She turns slowly toward him with a face determined but pale as death. His own face, eager, passion-flamed, turns suddenly pale as her own, as she gives a glad cry and throws herself in his arms. No lover could have asked for more abandon. He staggers and grasps a chair.

"Oh, papa, papa! you have come to save me and to take me away from this dreadful place."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Socialism, Positive and Negative. Robert Rives la Monte. Chas. Kerr Co. Chicago.

The Right to be Lazy and other Studies. Paul Lafargue. Chas. Kerr Co. Chicago.

The Pinkerton Labor Spy. Morris Friedman. Wilshire Book Co. New York.

Appreciations. Alfred G. Sanftleben. Common Sense Co. Los Angeles, Cal.

William Godwin. Pierre Ramus. Leipzig.

Los Bribones. L. Gutierrez de Lara. Los Angeles, Cal.

Die Gewerkschaft. Emil Pouget.

God's Principal Jokes. Parker H. Sercombe. To-Morrow Publ. Co. Chicago.

NOTE

Holders of numbers 573 and 1418 are requested to communicate with MOTHER EARTH at once.

"Freedom"

A Journal of Anarchist Communism, Monthly

3c per Copy, 36c per Year

127 Ossulston Street
LONDON, N. W., England

Also through the office of Mother Earth

"Freiheit"

Published by the
Freiheit Publishing Association

Editor: MAX BAGINSKI
P. O. Box 1719

5 Cts. per Copy, $2.00 per Year

WILLIAM SIEGMEISTER'S DRUG STORES

423 GRAND STREET
Cor. Attorney

257 BROOME STREET
Cor. Orchard

NEW YORK

Dr. Martin Rasnick's
NEW DENTAL OFFICE
—AT—
190 CLINTON ST.
near Divison St.
NEW YORK
Telephone, 2554 Orchard

Conscientious Treatment Guaranteed

Careful attention given to all Prescriptions filled at

Dr. S. HARKAVY'S
3 DRUG STORES
256 CHERRY ST., cor. Rutgers
193 BROOME ST., cor. Suffolk
436 CHERRY ST., cor. Jackson

Kneipp Cure Bath Establishment

621 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Electric Loh-Tanin Baths For Chronic Rheumatism, Nerve Strengthening, Blood Purifying And for Paralysis

Herb, Electric, Sulphur, Steam, Cold & Warm Baths
Nauheim Baths (Kohlensaure Wellenbäder)

Separate Entrance for Ladies

CURT W. BRETOW, Chiropodist—Naturopath

ISIDOR YOG
Photographer

Photos Copied and Enlarged in Oil or Crayon

212½ East Houston Street
Bet. First Ave. & Ave. A
NEW YORK

HARRY FEINGOLD'S
Cafe and Restaurant
Member of Br. 39 A. R.
Tasteful Dishes; Pleasant Company
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
H. FEINGOLD, 45 FORSYTH ST., NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF

EUGENICS

The only publication in the English language devoted to the important subject of race culture. It urges the importance of better quality rather than greater number of children. It demands the right of woman to control her own person. You must be interested in it if you are interested in the welfare of the human race.

Among the contributors are THEODORE SCHROEDER, attorney for the Free Speech League and associate editor of the *Arena;* EDGAR L. LARKIN, director Lowe Observatory; DR. E. B. FOOTE, JR., MARGARET GRANT, author of "Child of Love"; HULDA L. POTTER-LOOMIS, REV. SIDNEY HOLMES, E. C. WALKER, GEORGE BEDBOROUGH, of London; PAUL ROBIN, editor *Regeneration,* Paris.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON conducts a department devoted to Culture, physical and mental; there is a Young People's Department, edited by a school girl, the editor's granddaughter. There are poems, stories, reviews, comments on current events, etc.

Standard magazine size; 64 pages and cover. Issued monthly; $1.00 a year; 10c. a copy. Order of your newsdealer or of the editor and publisher,

M. HARMAN

500 Fulton Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Voice of Labor

FRIENDS AND SYMPATHIZERS of labor, who wish a clear, intelligent and well written account of the radical labor movement in the British Isles should read the VOICE OF LABOR. Free from cant and serving no political party, it is doing splendid work in pointing out the futility of political methods and the advantages of direct action.

Published weekly at 127 Ossulston Street, London N. W., England, at one dollar a year. Subscribe and learn how the Socialists, Labor men and Cabinet Minister John Burns are (not) bringing about the millennium.

"Common Sense"

The great Socialist Weekly of the South West.

One year . . . . . **50 cents**

Six months . . . . . **25 cents**

COMMON SENSE PUB. CO.

Send for Sample. **Los Angeles, Cal.**

SPECIAL PRICES on keys in large quantities, for clubs, etc. If you want to supply the members of your club with keys, send me sample. If you have none I'll supply suitable Yale key and as many duplicates as you wish. Key checks stamped for 15 cents.

A. I. TASK, Locksmith, 51 Ward St., Brockton, Mass.

JOSEPH ROSENBERG

...Custom Tailor...

310 East 89th Street

1st & 2d Aves., N. Y.